THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

UNITY.

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy Church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE PACIFIC

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Chicago Theological Seminary had a gift of $100,000 last week from Dr. D. K. Pearsons as a memorial of his deceased wife.

Utah is one of the recent states to join the list of states making it illegal for divorced persons to marry before a year has passed from the time of the decree. All the states will get there finally.

Professor Zenos of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, put himself on record recently as believing in a personal devil, taking, however, the position that persons who did not so believe should not be pronounced unchristian.

A man was arrested and fined a few days ago in an Eastern city for dragging his five-year-old boy around from saloon to saloon and feeding him on intoxicating liquor. The brute! He was given thirty days at hard labor. It's a pity it couldn't have been thirty years.

The cities of the Pacific Northwest were accorded last week one of the advantages which theretofore had been only for San Francisco and Los Angeles among Coast cities—Pullman sleeping cars through from Chicago without change. Seattle, Tacoma and Portland are to be congratulated.

When Cardinal Gibbons comes to Salt Lake City in August to attend the dedicatory exercises of the new Roman Catholic cathedral he will travel in a private car from Baltimore to Chicago, where he will be met by Mr. E. O. McCormick of the Harriman roads, who will furnish him a private car for the rest of the journey.

The Rev. Dana H. Bartlett of Bethlehem Institute, Los Angeles, has been made a member of the Housing Committee of that city. It is a good appointment, Mr. Bartlett being interested in all things that make for the welfare of the people. A recent number of "Out West" spoke of him as one of "the makers of Los Angeles."

Indiana's experience with county local option is being written up and published here and there throughout the country. A correspondent tells the people of Utah through the Salt Lake Tribune, substantially what other correspondents are telling other people in other parts of the country, first, that "county local option is a powerful weapon in the hands of the people who want to drive out licensed saloons." Secondly, he says that "county local option does not prohibit the sale of liquor except in licensed saloons." Consequently it is said that even brewers are finding solace in their losses. It is the same old story. It is not to be expected that the saloon element will let up on its ancient effort, always and everywhere repeated and to be repeated, to bring people to believe that more liquor is sold where the saloons do not exist than where they do. Often dehperate, despicable men make it so for a time; but in the end wherever the temperance people stand firm, the conditions are quite otherwise. Despite the tactics of the enemy the temperance people of Indiana are moving forward, and it is predicted that within a month all but nine of the ninety-two counties will have voted dry.

Methodism in Honolulu is greatly encouraged by a gift from a generous Congregational layman. We quote from a letter to the Western Christian Advocate by the Rev. J. T. Jones, the Methodist pastor in Honolulu: "Our church, which was in a discouraged condition, has taken on new life. We have good attendance at our preaching services, and from seventy-five to one hundred in attendance at prayer-meeting. We greatly need a new church building. This I have been agitating ever since I came here. Already preliminary steps have been taken to create a building fund and to secure a desirable location in the residence part of the city. We are now negotiating a trade for a lot beautifully located, and expect to realize at least $10,000 in cash to boot. This morning I received a check for $5,000 from the Hon. Charles M. Cook, a leading layman in the great Central Union church, which is located in this city. This will give us $15,000 and a fine lot. We hope to build a church costing $35,000 or $40,000. Before you receive this I shall be hustling for additional subscriptions. Mr. Cook also gave $5,000 to the Susannah Wesley Home, a Methodist institution under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of our Church, and $50,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association."

Members of the Bahai religious cult hope to erect a $500,000 temple in Chicago and make that city the Mecca of American Bahaists. "The temple will be built to symbolize the new man—the perfected man—to justify the perfected world. It will have nine outer walls and nine fountains, each fountain representing a world religion and a world Messiah, all meeting and unifying through to the latter day revelation of truth made through triune manifestations of God through the three great Bahai messengers. The temple will be erected on a triangular plot and will represent the trinity of teachers who brought to the world the gospel of Bahaism. There will be no distinction between races, creed, class or color, and the cult will be governed equally by men and women. Buddhists, Mohammedans, followers of Zoroaster, Christians and Jews are represented, all retaining their hereditary religions, yet forming one brotherhood under the Bahai faith. An item of interest in connection with the erection of the temple is a stone and key which have been sent from Acca. They were taken from a tomb on the side of Mount Carmel. The relics, which will be used in the temple, are now in Washington. Other foundation stones, it is said, will be sent here by members of the cult in all parts of the world." There are at least 1,000 members of the Bahai cult in

Chicago, not a few of whom will give up their homes and will live on "the sacred ground," on which the temple is to be built, while the work is going on. It is said that with their own hands they will construct the temple, men and women alike carrying brick and mortar.

OUR SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS

It is one of the hopeful signs of our day that a protest is being made against the coarse vulgar pictures and the dime novel stories in the Sunday edition of many of our daily papers. It is being felt more and more that such papers are not only a blot upon our civilization, but a menace to the future welfare of our country. Deeds of shame, and doubtless of crime, could be traced to the influence of some of the worst of these Sunday papers, that are in every way seeking to find entrance into the homes of our people. Is it not enough that the grasping after wealth, and the awful liquor traffic, are blighting the homes of millions,? Must the papers to which the mass of the people look for their information and pleasure bring to them on their rest day pictures so coarse, and views of life so low, that their lives, and especially the lives of their children are being robbed of the spirit of reverence, kindness and love? Our boasted civilization seems by its very nature to be surrounded with perils. The individual must look out for himself or else he will be pushed aside, or trampled down in the rush of so called human progress. But this evil against which so many strong and earnest voices are being raised in different parts of our land; this sending forth by the public press on the most sacred day of the week, a flood of papers whose tendency is to rob men, and especially the youth, of the most sacred things in their life, this would seem to be a gratuitous evil for which there is no excuse. What a joy to see the children playing in the streets of the city. They have come, some of them, from poorly furnished, it may be wretched homes, but as you look upon them your heart thrills with joy, because they are so happy in their play. Whose heart has not been touched by the story of self-sacrificing love, which is often found among those, whose lives in childhood are filled with heavy burdens, and spent under the darkened sky of poverty; and to think that the papers whose coming they welcome, are so low in their pictures and moral tone that they will be like millstones dragging them down; taking out of their lives the childlike spirit and the childlike joy, blinding their eyes so that they cannot see the beauty of the sunlight and the stars; hardening their hearts, so that reverence and love for father and mother, brother and sister shall be blunted and almost lost out of their lives. Our day has been called the "Day of the Child." It is a time when noble men and women are thinking of the children, seeking out ways to make their lives in the school, the church, the home, more happy and truly childlike, and they are met by this insidious, widespread, mighty influence, which is cheapening life for these sensitive hearts, corrupting thier tender natures, robbing them of the most precious treasures of their lives. Many stand ready to bring other serious charges against these Sunday papers; but this influence which they are having over the young is an inhuman thing, a crime against society. It is said that it is the ambition of some of these great papers (forty pages or more) not only to report events, but also to have a hand in making things come to pass. Many—let us hope, an ever-increasing number—are coming to see that in this matter of educating the youth of our land downward, such papers are succeeding too well for the public good. There is much that is being done today that will seem strange tomorrow. The line of separation that is drawn between the rich and the poor; the putting aside of the rights of man as man, and this sending out of Sunday papers which are declared by high authority to be poisoning the young life of our country, "teaching the youth lawlessness, cultivating in them the lack of reverence, cheapening life in their eyes, doing everything to destroy the American homes of the future." The true censor of the press in every age is public opinion, and there is a duty laid upon those who love their fellow men, to awaken in the minds and hearts of the people a protest against this evil. It would seem to be self-evident that if our country is to make true progress, to bear the strain of self-government, such an evil influence as this, which strikes at the foundation of our life as a people, must be overthrown. The sooner these papers are cast out of every home in our land in which love of morality, of purity, of kindness, the love of fellow man is found, the better. L.

UNCONSCIOUS CHRISTIANITY.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson of Pilgrim Church, Oakland.

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must lead, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd."

The most significant element in modern life is the vast increase and efficiency of conscious Christianity, as that is expressed in organized, visible forms. When Mr. Benjamin Kidd wrote his "Social Evolution," he devoted two long chapters to proving that the church spire was the "central feature of human history." He transported a denizen from another planet and set him down upon our earth. And the description of the stranger's curiosity, amazement and awe at the influence which the church exercised over men is one of the most interesting things in that clever book. Fifteen strenuous years have slipped by since the book was written, and if Mr. Kidd's stranger were to visit us again he would be still more astonished to find how magnificently the church has extended its sphere of influence and added to the number of its adherents, until now the most notable, most indisputable, world-wide fact is the Church of Christ.

"Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God."

And never in Christian history was that army so mighty as it is today. It was never more conscious of having had committed to it the message of reconciliation. It is alive, as never before, to the presence and power of God in its midst, and to its supreme function as the interpreter of the mind of the Spirit. The experiences of the last half-century, especially in the field of missionary enterprise, have reinforced the church's faith in its Redeemer at every point; so that today it faces the future with serenity and hopefulness, and with a triumphant confidence in the salvability of men, and in the gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation.

But there are two other features in modern life which would disclose themselves to Mr. Kidd's man from another planet if he looked steadily and calmly into the heart of things. He would find many persons within the church who have very little of the Christ-like temper. He would hear them loudly proclaiming their personal faith in Jesus Christ

as their Saviour, but he would look in vain for any traces of the moral experience which such a faith should create in them. He would find that they are still worldly, or proud, or selfish, or vain, or grasping, or ill-tempered, or crooked in their dealings with others; and he would wonder how they could talk of the love of Jesus who had so little love in their hearts toward their fellows. This is the tragedy of the Christian church, a tragedy about which I have neither the time nor yet the inclination to speak this morn ing.

It is the third aspect of our modern age which this visitor would discover to which I wish to draw your attention. He would find men and women standing altogether outside our churches who are yet nobly Christian at heart. They do not willfully, or from perverse motives, walk in darkness. On the contrary, they follow the highest truth they have discerned, and their perpetual attitude in the presence of the solemn mysteries of life may be summed up in the traditional words ascribed to the dying Goethe: "Light, more light!" If our visitor came to know them intimately he would find in them those imperial qualities of spirit and temperament which it was Christ's declared purpose to create in the soul of mankind. They are tender-hearted, meek, compassionate, gentle, forbearing; and their self-sacrifice often exceeds the self-sacrifive of those of us who call ourselves the elect saints of God, as the shining of the sun exceeds the shining of the stars. They exhibit a real and unwearying chivalry toward the outcast and the downtrodden; and their generosity of thought and feeling toward the unlovely and undeserving puts us to shame. They deny neither moral obligations nor a moral universe, but wistfully endeavor to adjust themselves to the stern requirements of our common life. You can breathe your dearest secret to them and they will not betray you. You can entrust your money and your reputation to them with the assurance that both will be safe. In all the elements which go to make a noble manhood and womanhood they seem well-nigh perfect, yet they stand sorrowfully aloof from the Christian church.

If, now, our visitor were to inquire why these excellent people stand apart from us he would not find, then, that it is from any antagonism to the ethical content of Christianity, for they are as forward in good works and in beauty of character as the ordinary members of our churches. Some of them, we learn, find it impossible to accept, with out a reserve which seems a deception, many of those things which, it is confidently asserted, form the historical foundation upon which the Christian religion is reared. It is not that they do not desire to believe. It is that either from the particular constitution of their minds, or from the special impress of their extra studies, they stand perplexed amid the mysteries, and find the miraculous in Christianity simply incredible to them. Or, again, he would learn that not a few cultured men and women remain aloof from us because they have had Jesus Christ presented to them in such an abstract and impersonal way that all His severe loveliness and gracious appeal have been overshadowed. So, instead of receiving the simple conception of Christianity as a gospel, they have come to think of it as a confused mass of dogmas and metaphysical assertions which seem to have no bearing at all on the strenuous moral life that they feel called upon to live. Their aloofness is, in this instance, really the result of what is noblest in them. It is the rejection of an imaginary Christianity at the appeal of the real, though unrecognized, Christ within them. I do not enter here into the vexed question of our moral responsibility for our intellectual perceptions and judgments, I simply state a fact of our common life which is patent to all who have eyes with which to see.

But now, our visitor might say: "Why do not these people go directly to the historical sources of Christianity and read the gospels for themselves?" And I immediately hear you echo the question and cry: "Yes, why not?" Yet, if they did, how much better off would the majority be? Brethren, how many of us can really cleanse our minds of the stuff that has been superimposed upon them by our conventional teachers since our childhood days? We thank God today on bended knees for the open Bible, which, at terrible cost, our fathers have bequeathed to us. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact that even our own inter pretation of that Bible is largely at the mercy of our official teachers. According to our training will our understanding be. And the Christs that have been presented to men have been so many and so various that when a man opens the gospels he may see therein any figure, from the chill metaphysical Christ of the older theologies, to the frivolous, smirking, nineteenth century Frenchman of Renan. When we think of the awful responsibility which falls on Christian preachers our prayer must become a passionate cry that God would daily reveal His Son in us that we lead not any away to a lesser Christ. For many of those who apparently reject Christianity do so because the pure image of Jesus has not been revealed to them, and they project the image of a false Christ upon the fair pages of the gospels. Then, without whining, and almost without protest, they separate themselves from organized Christianity and endeavor to fulfill their lives in humility, and often in sadness, without that sense of the Companion by the Way, which is at once the stay and the consolation of the Christian soul.

Here, then, is that unconscious Christianity, that unconscious following of Christ, regarding which President King of Oberlin has said: "Certainly, if we accept the witness of a man's life against the witness of his lips when the witness of his lips is right, we ought to accept the witness of his life against the witness of his lips when the witness of his lips is wrong." It is an aspect of society which constitutes a problem demanding the church's attention. What have we to say about it? While holding firmly to the central truth of Christianity that salvation is the creation of the filial spirit in man through the immediate influence of the living Christ within him, what are we to say of those who are not conscious of any dying to self and rising to Christ but who, nevertheless, do reveal in their lives those virtues of conduct and graces of spirit which we call Christ-like?

First of all let me remind you of the thorough leavening of modern civilization by the Christian spirit. As Dr. Forrest puts it in his "Christ of History and of Experience," "All theological thought worthy of the name recognizes that the redemptive work of Christ exercises its beneficent power far beyond the sphere in which the ordinary means of grace operate." In other words, the power of Christ is not confined to the active ministrations of the visible church. The Kingdom of God must be vaster than the Church of God as the temple is larger than its auditorium. Some such recognition as this, with all it implies, is imperatively required of us if we are not to limit the significance of the incarnation in the redemption of man. To preserve and

to complete that significance is the historic task of the Christian church. It has not always been fully understood, nor has it always been proclaimed with equal emphasis. Yet never has the church been wholly without a vision of the cosmic Christ. I wonder how many of those who glibly recite the creed called the Athanasius have ever read and pondered these other words of that great doctor and saint: "In becoming man Himself, the Eternal Son constituted mankind sons and gods; for He set forth in Himself, in the first instance, a man who was God, and now He draws us into fellowship with Him. From Him streams forth the Spirit, as a precious ointment over the whole of humanity." These are great words, and their accent, I say, has never wholly died away, though systematic theology, both Catholic and Protestant, has, by its over-emphasis on other things, ever and again been in danger of minimizing this.

Among the older Protestant theologians a favorite distinction once obtained between "common grace" and "saving grace." And, with that amazing tone of finality which characterized our learned fathers, it was supposed to be easy to distinguish where the first ended and the second began. But now, even those who still employ the terms maintain their exclusiveness no longer, and are careful not to pretend to exact definition. Yet not so have we learned Christ! For us the distinction exists no more. All grace is redeeming grace. We recognize that every upward movement of the soul is from God, that what our fathers called the "natural virtues" are themselves the work of the Spirit of Christ "without whom nothing is strong, nothing holy." The fact is that "mere morality" is a perfectly obscure and unknown thing. It has no existence apart from the phrase itself. The sources of all motives are not in man, but in the character of God as that character is revealed to us in Christ. We recognize that grace "reigns" through our Lord Jesus Christ, that it has been shed abroad upon all men, that it is the gift of God not to the individual only, but to the race. It is the revelation of God's intimate relation to mankind. For even unto us hath God showed that we should call no man common or unclean. The late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, writing of the relation of men to each other, said: "As the mounting spirit becomes more conscious of its own being, it becomes more conscious also of the bonds which unite it to its kin." And I would have you to think of this as true also in relation to God. Surely, the man who through faith has become aware of the grace of God in his own heart will, if his faith be intelligent, be the first to recognize and to welcome that same grace in the beauty of character, the tenderness of spirit, the self-sacrifice, and the pity in the lives of men and women who have apparently rejected Christianity. For, to quote the fine words of Dr. George A. Gordon, "History is something more than the record of the successive dynasties of human passion. Yes! It is the record of the upward struggle of mankind under the continuous leadership of the Holy Spirit.

Where did all that is best in humanity arise but through the creative activity of the Holy Spirit in action, experience, and morality? What is all this extension and deepening of the social temper, this awakening to the sense and dignity and the value of man, which we are witnessing today, but the result of the impress of the Son of Man on the hearts of men? Where have men and women outside our churches learned the secret that life's highest joy is self-sacrifice, that

"He only lives with the world's life,
Who hath renounced his own,"

save through the increasing power by which the self-sacrifice of Christ has been revealed as the root of all self-sacrifice in man? From what hidden source has come our Twentieth century love of justice, its fine desire for reality, its passionate search for truth, is wistful yearning for perfection, but from the Holy Spirit—the spirit of truth, or moral sincerity and of love—which still takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto men? The very atmosphere of modern life is filled with God; and the man whose soul is open to the free winds of heaven can no more escape the contagion of the Christian spirit than he can successfully develop his moral character in isolation from his fellows. The spiritual life is not something apart from the ordinary life of humanity but "the renewing Spirit which takes possession of and transfigures the contents of universal human experience." Even to a humanity that does not know Him, Christ is still the life-giver, the life-bringer; creating character, purifying the springs of society, uplifting bowed hearts, healing the wounds that sin has made, and leading the sheep who are not yet of this fold into a gradual knowledge of Him.

"And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone."

St. Augustine once designated the virtues of pagans as "splendid sins." Such a phrase would fall stammeringly from the lips of a Christian preacher today who had any spiritual insight into the significance for humanity of the incarnation of the Son of God. Yet there are people who would airily dismiss all this moral spirit and temper which they see among the great unchurched as only a more or less refined idealism without any Christian content whatever. But I would have you look upon it as an unconscious obedience to the leading of Christ, an obedience which, when it becomes aware of itself, will indeed find its goal and joy in Christ, and cause men to recognize with amazement that it has been all along simply by the inspiration of His presence that they have journeyed thus far safely on the lifeward path. They are thinking God's thoughts after Him—though they do not know it. They are moving through life resolutely requiring great things of themselves because they feel that great things are demanded of them, but they do not yet know whose voice it is that utters the demand. They do not dare to call themselves righteous, but they are conscious of a hunger and a thirst after righteousness. And when we remember how Christ rejoiced whenever he found moral aspiration in men and pronounced upon them His greatest beatitude, we cannot doubt that the time will come when their hunger and their thirst shall be satisfied, and they shall become conscious of being filled with all the fullness of God.

If you think that I am going beyond the word of Christ in all this, I would have you ponder carefully that tremendous drama of judgment which Jesus once outlined for men, and which has just been read in your hearing. For if that parable means anything at all it means that there may be in men an implicit Christian life, a life not yet come to self-consciousness. Look at these men in the parable! They gave bread to the hungry, and water to the thirsty; they

Oregon appropriated $100,000, California is spending more visited the sick and those who were in the prison-house; but they did not know that in obeying these "imperious inspirations of brotherhood they were really following Him who had made such brotherhood possible. It was with amazement that they heard Christ say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." They had only seen their suffering brother, they had not seen the suffering God in him. And their utter amazement at finding themselves partakers in the divine redemption is one of the most searching things in the gospels. Loyalty to the Christ, then, does not depend upon man's consciousness of His presence, but upon doing His will as the demands of our corporate life contain that will. And this doing of the will of Christ may proceed from the man who does not know that he is doing it, who responds to an appeal which he does not yet recognize as the appeal of Christ. And Jesus implies that there are cases where this ignorance may last to the very end of life itself, that a man may be a citizen of the kingdom of God, and yet fail to recognize his citizenship, and that only at the last when the full light of God is turned upon his career will he find that he is among those sheep of whom St. Augustine, in one of his finer moods, declared: "They sometimes do not know themselves, but the Shepherd knows them."

Then, finally, and in the light of this exposition, let us ask: What is our duty toward these unconscious Christians? One of the great sayings of Origen was that Jesus Christ sleeps in every man as he slept in the boat on the lake, and it is only when the Christ in man awakes that the storm is stilled, and the boat brought safe to haven. Ah! if only we can awaken the sleeping Christ! For it is only through conscious fellowship, it is only as the idea of grace becomes a moral experience, that the filial spirit is quickened and sonship is perfected. Here, then, is the inspiring task of the Christian church. It must show that all this ennobling of common experience is the preparation for the full revelation of Christ in the hearts of men. It must show men that their aspirations and longings are the very evidence that Christ is leading them. Let us tell these unconscious Christians that their darkness can be turned into light, their sense of loneliness into a sense of fellowship, their noble strivings into nobler achievemnts in a deliberate self-surrender to Christ as Redeemer and Lord. We must let them see by our own filial receptivity that the grace of God in the heart is no figment of the fancy, but a very real consolation and strength which upbears the soul in its distresses and temptations. It is the business of the church to win these elect souls to conscious faith in Christ, that their instinctive goodness may be reinforced, extended and made to triumph. For they without us shall not be made perfect, and we without them shall suffer loss.

Brethren! Let us go out as apostles of free and holy grace, preaching the present grace of God; for that grace not only supplies a new and adequate motive for conduct, but it is the great dynamic of inspiration and consolation. Let us to our personal testimony, "This He has done for me," add the universal prophecy, "This He will do for you." For the gospel of grace in God, in Christ, in us, is the supreme reality of the moral life.

> "There, where one center reconciles all things,
> The world's profound heart beats."

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with them and with us. Amen.

CHILD RELIGION: ACTIVE AND PICTURESQUE

By Rev. A. B. Patten.

Every little child is a new coin fresh from the mint of God. To feel the fascination of childhood, as Jesus Christ felt it, is to know about the fairest charm of the kingdom of heaven. We may well be suspicious of people who have no child friends. It is significant that the study of the child is coming to be the deepest study of science. The nurture of the child ought to be the profoundest concern of religion.

We are told that the child projects the racial type towards the ideal; that in roundness of the skull, in prominence of the frontal arch, and in cranial capacity, he marks an advance; and that it should be our highest ambition to secure him in the maintenance of these birthrights, so that he may be the father to a man who shall preserve and utilize these gains. But more often than not, these gains are sacrificed, and in those particulars, the passage from childhood to manhood is "a growth in degeneration." However, it is reassuring to find the modern scientific study of babies vindicating the teaching of Jesus.

We know first of all that normal child development must move along lines of activity. We are to train up the child in the way he should go, for going is his specialty. Too often we have addressed him as a thinker, when we should have trained him as an actor. What the little child needs is not learning, but life,—a fair chance to live and move and have his being and becoming. President A. R. Taylor declares that "movement and muscular control are the only things worth striving for in the child's earlier years." Here then is our first word for method with the little hustler, here is our first educational, and also our religious task,—to keep the child in motion in the right direction. Our charge is not the suppression, but the superintendence of child impulse. We must lead the child both reverently and rejoicingly in the way he should go.

The Sunday-school as well as the day school must teach the little folks to do things. The kindergarten has already attempted this, and has measurably succeeded, but the problem demands constant varying and freshening of program. The true kindergarten is a training school in right movement, in the free expression of young life in healthful and helpful activity. It combines manual training with training in manners and morals. It finds the child always in motion; it meets him on the run, and runs with him, keeping always enough in advance to turn his little feet out of danger into duty, courtesy and kindliness.

That the child must play is one of God's decrees; and perhaps the best thing the kindergarten teaches is how to turn his plays to some ethical and spiritual account. The only way to get him to work is to let him play at it, for like the lily he will not toil. The child works at his play; but he will not work at anything he cannot turn into play. The glory of the kindergarten is that it turns a large number of serious things into play, and, without making them any less serious, makes them also romantic; and so it lifts all play into a discipline for life. Children will do nothing which they cannot fill with imagination; and it is not duty that they fear, but only drudgery. Give duty an air of chivalry and marvel, and you will find ordinary children ready for all sorts of moral adventure. What they sadly lack is plenty of romantic leaders. We shall find the child ready even for worship, if we will only let him begin worship as a sort of mythology, so that he can still live in his native world of things and people, and not be dragged

into an impossible thought world. His devotions must begin as a kind of nature-worship. We need not be surprised if he worships sticks and stones, like primitive man. Let us rejoice if he worships the sun, the moon and the stars; and above all let us aspire to live so that he can worship us. Thus nature-worship passes into hero-worship. The child is bound to have a realistic and a graphic religion, for his imagination is picturesque, rather than abstract. "The discovery of the world to the imagination," says Hamilton Mabie, "marks the beginning of art and of religion, for the immediate fruit of that discovery was mythology, and in mythology is to be found the first attempt of man to pass beyond observation, imputing personality and will to inanimate things." And so with the child, the way of approach is through nature up to nature's God; for the child learns to worship as the race learned it. He will begin with wonder about the mystery of things; his imagination will make everything live; and to him the world will be a great pantheon, in which are gods and goddesses everywhere. He will have his own mythology, which will be his first stage in the spiritual interpretation of the universe. We are only to help him to unify his varied feelings into a vital sense of the one pervading spiritual presence. And this is not difficult, since the child, who makes everything live, knows that everything must have a living Maker. So the child will in due time find a God who is more than nature; but he can only find the true God through nature, and not apart from nature. At first natural objects are the symbols on the altar; and it will be fatal to try to abstract the child's worship, or his God, from this world of symbolism. If God be not found in his picturesque world, He will not be found at all. It is our privilege to help the child to make God live in the things he sees; then before long, nature will become for him, not only the symbol, but also the tabernacle of the Almighty Presence.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

Charles F. Clark.

After a recent fiasco in the exhibition field due mainly to unreadiness the question was raised had the A. Y. P. management allowed themselves sufficient time to properly prepare for an undertaking that grew very rapidly into something bigger than at first plenned. Then the panic struck the country and some even asked if the fair could be held at all. From the first the management has answered these questions affirmatively until at last the trite phrase "The Fair that will be ready" became a slogan, and one of the features advertised as a distinction. Critics were not all silenced and even yet some friendly to the Fair are asking will the Fair be ready. To satisfy himself the writer visited the grounds May 7th and talked with several in charge of the work. While much remains to be done the majority of the buildings are complete, especially the large ones, and exhibits are being rapidly installed, and doubtless by the time this appears in The Pacific work on all buildings will be finished and exhibits practically in place, leaving only clearing up and finishing touches to be added. Certainly those who wish to come to our city at the beginning of June need not fear that they will miss anything or have their pleasure marred by scaffolding and rubbish heaps around unfinished buildings or by empty booths. None but those who have seen the Fair progress during the last few weeks can realize how much the two thousand workmen on the buildings and grounds can do in a day.

The Fair will have another distinction that will e very attractive to the readers of The Pacific. By state law no liquor can be sold on the grounds or within two miles thereof as the grounds are part of the state university. Various organizations are prepared to take an active part in preventing all kinds of indecencies that sometimes cause anxieties to the moral elements. By state law the disgraceful gambling resort near the city known as the Meadows is eliminated, the Sunday "lid" is on and, barring the open amusement resorts including the Pay Streak, little remains to be done that can be done in the present state of public opinion to make the city and the Fair attractive. Certainly public morals will be as well guarded as usual at fairs, and in respect to liquor, gambling and vice better guarded.

Probably no Exposition, in this country at least, has had such a magnificent natural setting as this, and this setting has been used to the best advantage. The center of the decorative scheme are the Cascades and Geyser basin, surrounded by sunken gardens that will be in luxuriant bloom during the whole exposition period. Beyond stretches the formal gardens, with their lawns, shrubbery, electroliers and numerous seats, seats, surrounding these are groves of native evergreens; here and there one gets vistas of the lake, and towering above all, eighty miles away, but in the clear air seemingly near at hand, is Ranier, 14,444 ft. high, the highest mountain in the United States, excluding one in Alaska. From portions of the grounds the Olympics can be seen, while to the eastward the Cascades lift their mighty heads, and to the northeast Great Baker, eternally snow-capped, flashes its beauty upon the eye that has already learned to expect a surprise when ever it turns in a new direction.

The main exhibits will be from the countries and states that border on the Pacific, but many others will participate. Seven of the buildings are of permanent construction and will revert to the University of Washington at the close of the Fair, adding over $600,000 to the equippment of the chief seat of learning of the state. The auditorium, a magnificent brick building, will give the university one of the largest and finest college auditoriums in the country.

The forestry building is one of the largest log buildings ever erected; it has a frontage of 320 feet and is 144 feet wide. As this is to be a permanent building, for the use of the Forestry Department, more thought to architectural beauty rather than size was given than usually is put upon such an edifice, and nearly every one who sees it considers it one of the chief attractions and one of the most beautiful buildings of the fair, though it is not one of the largest. About the front of the building is a colonnade of 124 logs, each forty feet high and containing 6000 feet board measure and weighing about 50,000 pounds. The logs that make up the exterior contain about 1,500,000 board feet. At each end there is a tower built of logs smaller in diameter but longer; these and the exhibition gallery which runs around the building at a height of forty feet are reached by spiral log starways. The exhibit will be very complete, showing logs as they leave the forest to the finished woods for different purposes. Timber tests will be made all through the exposition in Machinery Hall.

Of the sixty-seven buildings that will dot the 250 acres of exposition grounds, not including Pay Streak edifices, Washington, Oregon and California are well represented.

than this, and Washington appropriated $100,000. Seattle subscribed $1,000,000 and several counties of the state have buildings, and all have exhibits. Apart from these Pacific states, New York, with its appropriation of $150,000, makes the largest showing among the states, and Chicago will excel all cities other than Seattle. The national government spends $600,000. No government loan was asked or received.

The Oregon building is one of the most striking structures on the grounds; it was ready and more than two carloads of Oregon apples were in its huge cold storage plant in February; since then all the other exhibits have arrived and are being rapidly placed. It was in fact the first state building completed. Its architecture is strictly Roman Classic. It is topped by a huge dome well proportioned and giving the buidding a striking sky line. The seal of the state in bas relief surmounts the main entrance. The two stories provide ample exhibition, reception and rest rooms, and suites for the governor and commissioners.

California has the largest state building; it is two stories high with a forty foot gallery around the four sides of the central portion, covering a plot of ground 262x187; it has a larger floor space than Oregon and Washington combined and will display to good advantage the diversified resources of the state, every county being represented. The style is Spanish Mission, with picturesque red tile roof and elaborate staff decorations on the walls; the subtropical gardens surrounding it will display the chief flora of Southern California. The cost of the building was over thirty-five thousand dollars.

The Washington building being permanent is naturally the most expensive state building—in fact, with the exception of the magnificent Fine Art, it is the most expensive building on the grounds. The site is 105x158. It is two stories high, in a rather free treatment of modern French style; four massive Ionic columns support the pediment above the front entrance. Passing through the highly ornamental doors the visitor finds himself in a large reception hall with an open well to the second floor surrounded by balcony and balustrade reached by a stairway fifteen feet wide with carved fir balusters; the ceiling and walls are beautifully paneled. The building alone cost $75,000. There will be no exhibits, the building being for offices, headquarters and social purposes.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

W. H. Scudder.

Topic for June 6—"Life Lessons from Luke's Gospel." Luke 6: 20-38.

Contrasting the Beatitudes, verses 20-23, with the Woes, verses 24-26, we can learn: That external circumstances do not necessarily betoken the condition of the heart. With the very conditions we shun, poverty, mourning, want of food, may come a state of righteousness in the heart which is the passport to the Kingdom; that external circumstances influence inward disposition. God has placed us in school, with the world of circumstances as schoolmaster. What will be our education? Poverty, sorrow, hunger, need not produce exalted character, any more than wealth and plenty and laughter need produce debasement. But they will produce something, and that something will depend on the state of heart on which they have to operate. With Christ in the heart, poverty can produce the Kingdom. Internal graces can be developed by the most untoward circumstances. With Christ in the heart, wealth will not produce selfishness, nor mirth degeneracy. But as an actual fact, poverty, and sorrow, and want, often harden, and embitter, while riches, and prosperity, render us careless of others' interests, and unsympathetic to others' suffering. If it is important for those in our schools to seek to determine what benefit the course will be to them, much more is it important for everyone to constantly inquire what character the school of life is educating within.

Self-satisfaction is one of the most dangerous foes of life. The dissatisfaction which arises from poverty, hunger, or sorrow, is a safeguard, in that it stirs to better things. Wealth, ease, and jollity, tend to make one feel he is quite deserving of these things or they would not come his way, and self satisfaction is then but a stone's cast distant. Woe unto him that is self satisfied, for he has received his reward. It is the soul that sees perfection, and determines that life, whether it possesses for him poverty, sorrow, or hunger,—riches, laughter, or fullness,—shall carry him towards that destiny, that shall inherit the Kingdom. In this passage can be found the nucleus of those traits so often noted by the commentators, which are life lessons to us. "The Kingdom of God" (v. 20) becomes a possibility to everyone in this Gospel, whence it is termed the "Universal Gospel." Into it the Jew could come (1:68). This might have been expected, but it was not confined to them. The Gentiles (13:29), the Samaritans (10:30-37), the rich (23:50), the poor (4:18), the respectable (17:20, 21), the publicans (19:1-10), the sinners and outcasts, (chap. 15) could all find entrance. Thus this is the Good News to all and for all.

Christian sympathy is another of the life lessons of this gospel: The restoration of the young man who was the "only son of his mother, and she a widow"(7:12); the defense of the woman who anointed him while at dinner in the Pharisee's house (7:37); the parable of the Good Samaritan (10:33); and the words to the weeping women who followed Him to Calvary (23:28), are some of the instances. It is Christian sympathy that proves so effective to win men to the right. Luke has also given us more about prayer than the other writers. Instances of our Lord engaged in prayer are cited in 3:21; 6:12; 9:18 and 29. These are by way of example to us. Besides these are those incentives to, and instruction about prayer, contained in the Prayer parables, 18:1 and 9.

The lessons of forgiveness and restoration of the fallen are nowhere more beautifully portrayed than by Luke. The trio of parables in Chapter 15 show the Father's attitude toward the lost, and those worse than lost, dead! It has been suggested that the narrative in John 8:1-11, which is manifestly out of place there, belongs to Luke. If so it is another instance of the forgiving love of our Lord, and His compassion toward those whom the world considers as outcasts. Perhaps Luke, being a physician, and knowing, as physicians do, the unwritten history of so many who are led into sin and feel there is little hope for such as they, selected these incidents to inspire such with hope which springs from the ability and willingness of the Son of God.

In the margin of the American Revision, Chapter 6:35, is a single sentence with a life thought for all: "Despairing of no man." No one so hardened but God's grace may touch him; no one so far away from Christ but His love reaches to him; no one so fallen in unholiness, but the influences of the Holy Spirit still avail for him. "Despair of no man," but do everything possible to find the place

through which the power of God can find access to his heart.

Among the Churches

San Bernardino.—Five persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church at the recent communion service.

Alton.—The Alton church has had no regular services for some months. Regular services are to be resumed now and a Sunday-school organized.

Falk.—Falk is prospering under the energetic and faithful work of Rev. Geo. Haerle. A Junior Endeavor Society of sixteen members was organized on Friday evening last.

Scotia.—Years since there was a Congregational church in this large lumber town. Rev. R. Nickerson has now resumed services there preaching each alternate Sunday evening.

San Francisco, Central Mission House.—The new Central Mission House, replacing the one destroyed in the fire, will be dedicated this coming week. Exercises in Chinese will be held on Thursday evening, June 3rd, and in English on the evening following.

Rohnerville.—The Rev. Roscoe Nickerson, lately of Sandy, Utah, has been called to the pastorate of this work. For some months the church has talked of attempting to build a parsonage. The movement culminated on Thursday evening last in a vote authorizing the trustees of the church to purchase a property in town and remodel it for a parsonage.

Oakland, Fourth.—On Children's Day, two weeks ago, 28 children graduated from the primary department and were given Bibles. The following Sunday every one of the twenty-eight was present with his Bible! The Cradle Roll, seventeen mothers and their babies, was entertained recently and on Friday evening the Men's League celebrated Wagner's birthday with an appropriate musical program.

La Canada.—Rev. W. N. Burr, recently of Tulare, began his pastorate with this church Sunday, May 16. La Canada is a foothill village about six miles from the business section of Pasadena. It has one church organization. The church building is neat and well furnished for work, and the parsonage is a new, modern house of six rooms. The church is out of debt, a balance of $300 on the parsonage having been pledged on April 25, the last Sunday of the pastorate of Rev. C. W. Hawkins.

San Francisco, Green Street.—This church will celebrate its Fiftieth or Golden Anniversary this coming week. The program is as follows: Sunday, May 30th, 11 a. m., anniversary exercises of the Sunday-school; 7:45 p. m., "Retrospect and Prospect." Some of those prominent in the church in early days will take part in this Sunday evening service. Wednesday, June 2nd, union prayer meeting. The pastor and people of the First Congregational Church will attend and take part. Friday, June 4th, from 2 to 5 p. m., reception to friends and visitors; 7:45 p. m., musicale, led by Scagnetti's Orchestra. All the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Walz and of the heroic Green Street church will rejoice with them in this Golden Anniversary.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Plymouth Church has just finished a successful campaign to increase its benevolences. It was found that last year the contribution to home and foreign missions amounted to only an average of 3c per week per resident member. It was decided to adopt the weekly instead of monthly offering for benevolences. Pledge cards were placed in the pews and after two weeks the Benevolence Committee mailed a pledge card and a short letter to every member of the church who had not turned in a pledge card. The result has been sixty-one pledges ranging from 5 cents to one dollar per week, which, if paid in, will bring the average per week per resident member up to 4½ cents. In other words a quiet, systematic campaign in a church where there are practically no wealthy people has raised both the number of contributions and the per capita gifts fifty per cent.

GREEN STREET CHURCH.

Two thousand cards are being distributed in the North Beach district of San Francisco, bearing the following message and invitation, which is of interest to our denomination:

"Fiftieth or Golden Anniversary Week at Green Street Church (Fourth Congregational), Green street, near Stockton, San Francisco.

"Sunday, May 30th, 1909, 11 a. m.—Anniversary exercises of Sunday-school. A union service; 7:45 p. m., "Retrospect and Prospect." Special music.

"Wednesday, June 2.—7:45 p. m., union prayer meeting; pastor and people of First Congregational Church will attend and take part.

"Friday, June 4.—2 to 5 p. m., reception to friends and visitors; 7:45 p. m., musicale, led by Scagnetti's Orchestra, followed by informal reception.

"You and your friends are invited to all."

SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION.

As much interest is centered in the San Francisco Association as in any association in the state. The trial of the past few years has been terrific. How our churches are coming out of the ordeal is of great interest to the denomination. That in 1908 the old First Church was back in its old place, at work, the first rehabilitated church in the burned district, and that it made substantial advances was a matter of congratulation. The sterling courage of the Green Street church, as it has steadily pressed on to completion, is a matter for rejoicing. It is a significant fact in the religious history of the city. A third note of substantial progress has been the rebuilding of the Chinese Mission house. Of less general interest than any of the above has been the completion of a parsonage addition to the Park Church. It has indicated a healthy expansion in that church, however. When thus the material advance is summed up, it is seen to have been considerable. What will be more surprising, however, to most of the readers of The Pacific is that the mebership of the churches of this association has increased by nearly five per cent. A second record of advance is in the benevolences, which increased by 43 cents per capita. The persistence, faith, and hard work of the members, both lay and ministerial, of this association is a great asset of California Congregationalism.

NOTICE.

The meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific to be held in Palo Alto on June 2 is expected to be one of special interest. The morning session will not be confined

to the usual business but will include a Bible reading by Mrs. Alden (better known as "Pansy") and a workers' conference. In the afternoon, addresses will be given by missionaries from our own field. It is hoped that a large number will avail themselves of the special rates offered by the railroads. Come in time for the opening of the session at 10 a. m.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Miles B. Fisher will read a paper next Monday before the Ministers' Meeting of San Francisco and vicinity on "The Origin and Development of the Moral Idea."

mittee was appointed to take steps to ensure Dr. Adams' paper as wide a hearing as possible and to seek to cooperate with others interested in bringing the matter before the State Department.

Dr. F. S. Wellman, an American Board Medical Missionary from West Central Africa and one of the authorities whom Mr. Roosevelt consulted in reference to his African trip, is available to speak in churches around San Francisco Bay for the next three weeks. His address last Sunday night at the Fourth Congregational Church, Oakland, was very enthusiastically received. He is also to speak at Plymouth Church, Oakland, on June 6th. He may be reached through Rev. H. M. Tenney, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.

Dr. Geo. C. Adams of the First Church, San Francisco, read a strong paper before the Ministers' Meeting last Monday on "Who Is My Neighbor?" The paper dealt with the history of the Armenians their oppression at the hands of the Turks, the recent massacres, and closed with a strong argument in favor of prompt and strong intervention in Turkey by the United States Government to ensure the just and humane treatment of this ancient Christian people. An Armenian physician, whose own father was killed in the massacres of 1896, also addressed the meeting. A com-

BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.

The initial meeting of the Congregational Brotherhood of Southern California was held at a Banquet Hall in Long Beach, May 4th, 1909, there being about 150 men at the banquet.

Voted that Rev. Charles H. Seccombe act as temporary Chairman and D. A. Schweitzer as temporary secretary.

After completing our dinner, the following program, consisting of after-dinner suggestions, was rendered:

Grace was invoked by Rev. James M. Campbell, D.D., Sierra Madre.

Toastmaster, Charles H. Seccombe.

"What Should be the Nature of the Program for Regular Men's Club Meetings," Mr. M. T. Gilmour, San Diego.

"The Brotherhood and the Missionary Work of the Church," Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, Escondido.

"The Brotherhood and Bible Study," Mr. W. L. Malone, Ontario.

"The Big Brother," Rev. Geo. E. Soper, D.D., Pomona.

"The Brotherhood and Friendship," Atty. D. A. Schweitzer, Los Angeles.

Greetings from the Minnesota Brotherhood, Mr. P. J. Sheldon, Owatonna, Minnesota.

Greetings from Chicago Congregational Men, Rev. Clifford Snowden, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Opportunities of the Congregational Brotherhood," Rev. Willard B. Thorp, San Diego.

"The Brotherhood and Congregationalism," Rev. William Horace Day, D.D., Los Angeles.

"The Southern California Congregational Brotherhood—A Proposed Constitution," Mr. J. H. Leadingham, Pomona.

The reception committee, consisting of Rev. Charles H. Seccombe, J. H. Leadingham and D. A. Schweitzer, were present.

It was voted that we proceed to organize the Congregational Brotherhood in conformity with that outlined by the National Association.

It was voted that a tentative constitution be presented for consideration.

Voted that the Constitution be read, which is as follows.

Constitution.

Congregational Brotherhood of Southern California.

ARTICLE I—Name.

The name of this organization shall be The Congregational Brotherhood of Southern California.

ARTICLE II—Membership.

Each Brotherhood, or Men's Club, in Congregational Churches of Southern California, shall be admitted to membership in this general organization upon presenting its request for membership and signing this Constitution.

ARTICLE III—Objects.

The objects of this organization shall be a closer association of the men of our Congregational Churches of Southern California, for the development of their spiritual life; for the strengthening of the bonds of helpful fellowship and for the exercise of mutual care and guidance among the churches; for the promotion of our common Congregational work in all this territory, and for the cultivation of Christian relations between our own churches and the other churches within our borders.

ARTICLE IV—Organization.

1. The officers of this Brotherhood shall be a President, a Vice-president, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall perform the duties usually assigned to such officers.

2. The officers, with the President of each Brotherhood, or Men's Club, belonging to this organization, shall constitute the Executive Committee of The Congregational Brotherhood of Southern California, which Committee shall have general charge of its work.

3. The Executive Committee shall appoint such committees as shall seem necessary for the successful carrying out of the objects of the Brotherhood. The Executive Committee shall also provide for mass meetings, from time to time, for the presentation to our people of the subjects in which we are unitedly interested.

ARTICLE V—Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Brotherhood shall be held at the May meeting of the Congregational Churches of Southern California, at which meeting reports of the work of the year shall be presented by the President, and brief reports of each local club by its president and at which time officers shall be elected and plans made for the work of the coming year.

ARTICLE VI—Amendments.

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote at any annual meeting, provided written notice has been presented at a previous annual meeting, or in each of the local Clubs constituting the membership, at least two weeks before the meeting at which action is to be taken."

Be submitted to a committee of three, consisting of Dr. J. F. Loba, of Pasadena, Prof. L. A. Hamilton, of Pasadena, and Mr. J. H. Leadingham of Pomona, for their re-

vision, and that the same be adopted as revised by said committee.

Voted that the said committee of three to revise the constitution be empowered to appoint the officers for the ensuing year.

Meeting adjourned from the banquet hall to the First Congregational Church of Long Beach, where the said nominating committee reported the following officers:

President, Rev. Charles H. Seccombe, Santa Ana.

Vice-president, Mr. W. I. Malone, Ontario.

Secretary, Mr. D. A. Schweitzer, First Congregational Church of Los Angeles.

Treasurer, C. E. Bailey, Church of Messiah, Congregational, Los Angeles.

Which report was confirmed by public vote.

The following platform program was then rendered by the Brotherhood in the said First Congregational Church at Long Beach:

Platform Meeting.

Rev. Chas. H. Seccombe presiding.

Invocation, R. L. Glasby, Heber.

Reports from Brotherhoods and Men's Clubs in Congregational Churches of Southern California.

Address, "The Call of the Church for Men," Rev. George Irving, Claremont.

"Address, "The Call of the Country for Christian Men," Judge Curtis P. Wilbur, Los Angeles.

Address, "The Mission of the Congregational Brotherhood," Mr. John P. Fisk.

Benediction, Rev. George E. Soper, D.D.

A contribution was taken at this meeting amounting to $14.01.

Respectfully submitted,

D. A. SCHWEITZER, Sec'y.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the East Willamette Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers was held with the Salem Central on May 11th and 12th, with Mr. John Bayne, of the First Church, Salem, Moderator.

The general theme of the Association was "The Disciple and His Talents." The subdivisions of the subject were as follows:

"The Disciple and His Time," Rev. P. S. Knight; "The Disciple and His Friends," Rev. W. B. Pinkerton; "The Disciple and His Money," Rev. E. C. Oakley; "A Disciple in Southern Oregon," Rev. Mark C. Davis; Associational Sermon, "The Disciple and His Lord," Rev. Edward F. Green; "The Disciple Discipling," Rev. Philip E. Bauer; "The Disciple on Business,' Rev. E. E. Reid; "The Disciple with One Talent," Rev. Evan P. Hughes; "Digging Up Buried Talents," Rev. Arthur J. Folsom.

Rev. Evan P. Hughes, of the Corvallis Church, was elected Moderator for the ensuing year; Business Committee, Rev. F. C. Butler, Hubbard; Mr. R. Poinsett, Hubbard; Rev. H. N. Smith, Oregon City; Oversight Committee, Southern District, Rev. W. B. Pinkerton, Eugene; Rev Edward F. Green, Ashland; Rev. Evan P. Hughes, Corvallis; Northern District, Rev. Philip E. Bauer, Salem; Rev. O. A. Stillman, Salem; Rev. F. C. Butler, Hubbard.

During the session a "Good Fellowship Meeting" was held on Wednesday at the Willard Church, several miles northwest of Salem, where an excellent dinner was served, and also in the afternoon at the Howell Prairie Church. These experiences in both cases were exceedingly helpful in strengthening the ties of Christian fellowship.

Elliott Prairie Church was the place selected for the next annual meeting.

As an indication of the rapid growth of Portland, east side, it is only necessary to state that at the present time there are under way or projected twenty churches which will cost $516,000. The list follows: One Catholic, $75,000; five Methodist, $75,000, $25,000, $15,000, $6,000, $15,000; one Southern Methodist, $75,000; one Congregationalist, $25,000; one Christian, $65,000; four Evangelical, $15,000, $5,000, $10,000, $10,000; two Presbyterian, $10,000, $5,000; one Lutheran, $15,000; one Nazarene, $35,000; one Universalist, $15,000; one Greek, $10,000; Church of God, $10,000.

The largest of these churches are either of stone or concrete blocks. In several cases the churches have been organized many years, and were housed in wooden buildings; but the necessity for enlarged seating capacity has made the erection of new buildings necessary.

Hubbard Church extended a call to Rev. F. C. Butler a few weeks ago which he recently accepted. This church is the center of an important district.

For some years past the Oregon Audubon Society has been working strenuously for setting aside as a government reservation, two extensive areas embracing Lower Klamath and Malheur Lakes, as a condition precedent to guarding the great colonies of birds that breed around those lakes. This commendable effort has at last been successful, and hereafter no hunting or trapping will be allowed on those reserves, and wardens have been appointed by the Oregon State Game Warden for each reserve.

This society was instrumental in securing the passage of a law by the last legislature of Oregon prohibiting the killing of native birds for their plumage, and stopping the sale of aigrettes in this State. It is understood that the California legislature passed a similar law, and that it will go into effect on June 17th.

The Portland First Church sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Clinton C. Hutchinson, one of its most devoted members. He was born in Vermont, December 11, 1833, and in his young manhood removed to Illinois. In 1855 he was married to Miss Martha Young. That year he removed to Kansas, and had much experience in the famous "Kansas-Nebraska" troubles between the "Free-State men" and the "Border-Ruffians" during the eventful years just prior to the civil war. Many years ago he began making a thorough study of the Irrigation Question, and its importance to the semi-arid districts of our country, and became an authority upon that subject. In 1894 he came to Oregon and was the means of arousing a great deal of interest in the subject, and was successful in organizing an irrigation project in Crook county and afterwards in southeastern Oregon. And later he had a strong influence upon the authorities of the Government in securing its aid in furthering irrigation work in Oregon.

Mr. Hutchinson's first wife having passed away, on Oct. 15, 1873, he was married the second time to Miss Gertrude Sherman, who with five children survives him. One of his sons, Mr. Reno Hutchinson, was the head of the "Religious Work Department" of the Portland Y. M. C. A. for over four years. Then he was called to Spokane to take the position of General Secretary. He was just getting the work well in hand when he was shot to death by thugs in that city.

Mr. Hutchinson became a Christian in early life and

ever since has honored his profession. He leaves an untarnished name as a legacy to his family and friends.

Portland, May 16, 1909.

THE HOME

STRENGTH.

For strength we ask
For the ten thousand times repeated task,
The endless smallnesses of every day.

No, not to lay
My life down in the cause I cherish most,
That were too easy. But whate'er it cost,

To fail no more
In gentleness toward the ungentle, nor
In love toward the unlovely, and to give

Each day I live,
To every hour with outstretched hand its meed
Of not-to-be regretted thought or deed.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald

THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Mrs. Theodore W. Birney.

A sense of responsibility is almost the foundation of character, and occupation affords a fine opportunity for its development. Every member of a family should daily be responsible for some effort which should conduce to the comfort, convenience, or pleasure of the household. There are many duties children can perform in a home where there is but one maid-of-all-work, or possibly none at all. The wise mother will take advantage of such conditions to establish habits of industry and consideration in the child. Young children should be allowed to spend by far the greater part of their time in play; but while the greatest possible liberty should be permitted children in their recreations, we should bear in mind that, as one author has expressed it, "Lawlessness and ungoverned caprice during play hours are the foundation of misuse of civic freedom."

A sympathetic mother can introduce much of the play spirit into work which the child might otherwise regard as a hardship. I know a mother who was unexpectedly left without a cook, one baking day, and had her hands more than usually full. She had four children, a boy of ten, a girl of eight, another of six, and a baby boy of ten months. Calling the three eldest to her, she said, "You are accustomed to a good time today (it was Saturday), and I'm sorry to interfere with your plans, but mamma will be very tired if she has to do all the work today, and she has decided to ask you to help her. Suppose we make a game of the work and pretend this house is a great big ship bound for Liverpool, and that we are the crew. You, Arthur, can be the captain, the steward, and a sailor, by turns; you, Kate, can be the stewardess part of the time; I will be the cook, and then, after our work is done, Kate and I will be great lady passengers and sit on the deck—that is the piazza, you know—and talk to the captain. Margery can be shipwrecked on an island over there under the apple tree; she can swing the baby in a hammock and play at camping until Arthur rescues her."

All drudgery was soon transformed by the spirit of play infused into it, and not only were the children most helpful, but they added considerably to their store of domestic knowledge.

In a hundred ways work can be made to seem like play, but the thoughtful mother will not fail to sound a subtle note of duty through it all. Arthur, as sailor, did certain things, because, under the circumstances, it was his duty to do them; Kate made the beds, dusted the furniture, and set the table, because they were the duties which accompanied her position, and it was clearly Margery's duty not to desert her baby brother on the island, but to try to be a little mother to him. We all know the truth of the adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and so we should never turn a deaf ear to "Mamma, what can I do?"—From "Childhood."

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOME-MAKING.

"Eric," I wish you would come in or else go out. You are holding that screen door open like an invitation to the flies."

The boy, who was standing in the doorway looking up and down the street, turned at his sister's impatient call and entered the house. "I didn't think about the flies," he said good-naturedly. "Did any of them dodge in over my head?"

Frances did not reply. She was looking at the floor, an expression on her face which was somewhat between horror and indignation.

"Eric Fraser, where in the world could you have found any mud today? No matter if there hasn't been any rain for a month, you'll come into the house and make muddy tracks across the floor. And I spent such a long time polishing it this morning," sighed Frances, with what her brother called her martyr-like tone. "Well, I don't hunt up the wet places," if that's what you mean," was Eric's rather short answer. He pulled an easy chair into the bay window and settled himself comfortably with the morning papers. Frances, who had gone for a dusting cloth to remove the traces of his tracks on the polished floor, uttered an exclamation as she re-entered the room.

"Eric Fraser, would you mind leaving that chair where I put it? The room is simply spoiled with all the furniture huddled into that end of the room. If you want to sit in the window take the window seat."

"Oh, no! I'll go upstairs to my own room, and maybe there I can have a little peace." The slam of the door behind him was very expressive, and Frances sighed as she looked at her aunt. "You see how it is," she said. "Eric doesn't appreciate how hard I work to keep things nice. I think housekeepers have very hard times."

Her tone seemed to indicate that a little sympathy would be welcomed. Aunt Elizabeth was sorry for the girl, who was trying so hard to fill her mother's place, but she did not think that sympathy was just what Frances needed. "My dear," she said, instead, "what is the object of all this dusting and scrubbing and polishing that goes on in a home? Why isn't it left out?"

"Left out!" repeated Frances. She stared at her aunt incredulously. "Left out, Aunt Elizabeth! Why, it would be intolerable. Nobody could have any comfort in a house that wasn't kept clean and in order."

"Exactly." Aunt Elizabeth looked pleased. "The comfort and enjoyment of the family are the first consideration. Order and cleanliness are important as they contribute to the more important things. Just as soon as they interfere with the family comfort they have gone too far."

"I suppose you think I ought to let Eric track all around and not say a word," remarked Frances crossly.

"I mean, my dear, that home-making is a higher art

than housekeeping. I knew a woman once," said Aunt Elizabeth reflectively, "who had a reputation as a good housekeeper, and she was determined to live up to it. When her husband came home at night he found his slippers waiting for him on the outside steps. He put them on before he crossed the threshold."

"That was going rather far, but still it had its advantages," said Frances, laughing in spite of herself.

"Yes, but it didn't stop there. The mania for keeping things in order grew on her till after she had a room arranged to her liking, she would lock the door and not allow any one of the family to use it. The kitchen was the last to be closed. Her husband came home one night and found a cot on the back porch and the cooking stove in the back yard."

"Why, she must have been crazy!" Frances exclaimed.

"That's what the doctor said. But I have always thought that she should be a warning to the housekeepers who keep their homes neat at the expense of family comfort. I have known," added Aunt Elizabeth, with a twinkle in her eye, "a number who have started on the same path, even though they never went as far."

Frances looked at her, and her eye reflected the twinkle.

"I wonder if Eric would like to make candy," she said reflectively. "I've objected several times lately when he's proposed it, because the chafing-dish gets in such a condition, and the room is always out of order before he's through. I suppose the good housekeeper you were telling about would never have thought of allowing such a thing."

"I don't believe she would, but a good home-maker might," said Aunt Elizabeth, smiling back.

And then the aggrieved Eric, sulking in his room upstairs, was as surprised as delighted to hear his sister's voice in the hall, "Eric, come down. We've just time to make fudge before supper."—Miss Harriet L. Smith, in The New York Observer.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

O. Ellsworth Youmans.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Stella Strickland, standing with her back to the door in the hall of a large apartment house.

Now, she wasn't standing there because she wanted to. The fact was, she couldn't help it.

While coming through the door from her apartment the door shut quickly, catching her dress.

Not being able to free herself, she was about to call for help, when she heard footsteps ascending the stairs. She waited. How could she help it? She wondered whom it could be. Was it someone she knew? Well, no matter who it was, they could help her.

A young man came up the stairs. The minute she saw him she knew she had seen him before. But where? Think as she might, she couldn't tell where. She judged he was about twenty-five years old, and there was no question that he was handsome.

"Good afternoon, Miss Strickland," he said, advancing, and lifting his hat. "I'm pleased to see you."

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm glad you came," she answered, surprised at his seeming familiarity. "Perhaps you can help me?"

"Why, what's the trouble?" he asked, stepping nearer.

"I've accidentally caught my dress in the door. It seems impossible to loosen it."

"Oh, I see. Of course I can help you. Let me try the door."

"That's useless. It locks with a spring catch."

"Why, yes. Where's the key?"

"Do you suppose I'd be standing here if I had the key?" she asked, indignantly. "I think it's inside."

"Ah, yes. Let me ring the bell."

"There's no one home. I could have done that myself."

"Perhaps I have a key that will fit." Producing a bunch of keys, he tried them all, but without success.

"How did you get in such a fix, anyhow?"

"I don't know just how it did happen. I had barely passed through, when it shut with a bang."

"Perhaps when I opened the door below it caused a draft, thereby causing this one to shut. I'm extremely sorry."

"Oh well; it can't be helped now. The question is, how to open that door?"

"I was on my way upstairs. I may be able to get a key up there that will fit." Away he went upstairs, three steps at a time, only to return to announce that no one was home.

"I have it! We'll get the janitor! They have duplicate keys!" he exclaimed.

A good idea, if he's in the building." Away he hurried, leaving Miss Strickland smiling after him.

"Isn't he handsome," she mused to herself. "I've certainly met him before. Pity I can't remember. He seems to know me, anyway." She was interrupted in her musings by the return of her new-found friend, who reported that the janitor was not around.

"When will your mother return? Perhaps we won't have long to wait."

"She has gone to spend the afternoon with friends. She won't return until after the reception tonight."

"What reception?"

"Why, the new minister, Mr. Dunbar. It takes place at the church tonight. Of course you know something about it?"

"Not much, I assure you," answered the young man, examining the lock closely. She could not see the smile that lurked around the corners of his mouth. "Were you going?" he asked.

"I was; but it's doubtful now," she answered, with a rueful glance at her dress. "We girls are just dying to see him."

"Well, don't die just yet," he answered, smiling. "What is this much sought for minister like, anyway?"

"I don't know; I haven't seen him yet, you know. But they say he's very handsome, single and an able preacher. But I don't believe he's as handsome as they make out. Things like that are always exaggerated, you know."

"Doubtless," he replied. "But that doesn't help you. Is there a telephone in the house? I could 'phone for a locksmith."

"No."

"That's bad. Well, I can get an axe and break the door down."

"Oh, don't do that. There must be some other way. Let's use our brains. Perhaps we can think of something."

"Brains! If I don't open that door pretty soon I'll think I haven't any. I'll take another look for the janitor. You wait here."

"I think I will," she answered, smiling.

"Now, isn't this terrible," she mused. "I'm glad someone I knew found me. But who is he? Strange, I can't place him. Oh, now I remember! It was at the seashore, four years ago. We had such lovely times together. Funny I can't think of his name."

"It's no use," he announced, as he came puffing up the stairs. "Can't find the janitor. We seem to have the house to ourselves."

"I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble."

"I'm only too glad to help you. But what have I done? Absolutely nothing."

"Well, it wasn't because you didn't try, anyway."

"I could cut it loose?" he remarked, after a moment's silence. "But it seems a shame to spoil such a pretty dress."

"I'm afraid I'll have to sacrifice it. Have you a knife?"

"Yes," he answered, feeling in his pocket. "Pshaw! I must have left it home."

Taking hold of the knob, he gave the door a vigorous push, and to their surprise, it flew open. They both went sprawling into the room. When they had picked themselves up, the young man said:

"Well, what do you think of that? The door must have been unlocked all the time."

"I tried the knob, but it wouldn't open."

"Your dress probably made it harder to open."

"How can I thank you for the trouble I have caused you?"

"By not trying," he replied, rising to go. "I hope to see you again, soon," and he was gone.

That evening at the reception, one of the first persons she saw upon entering the church was the young man who had shared her experience of the afternoon. Imagine her surprise and mortification wen he was introduced to her as George Dunbar, the new minister.

Nevertheless, her visiting cards now read—Mrs. George Dunbar.

Young People

THE COW THAT LIKED COMPOSITIONS.

Caro had never written a composition. At the city school nothing had ever been said about them. But here in the country, where they had lately come to live, every Friday was composition day, and Caro was expected to write some thing on the subject printed upon the blackboard. "Cows," she read, and felt perplexed at once.

"Make your compositions this week humorous, or funny, if possible," the teacher said, which sent Caro home in a puzzle. What was funny about a cow?

After the school the little girl took a paper and pencil, went out into the pasture back of the house to study their cow, and to write her composition.

Billy Carpenter had told her that cows sometimes chased people; but this cow that her father had just bought looked too clumsy and too lazy to run after anybody. So Caro sat down upon a big stone and wrote "Cows" in big letters at the top of her sheet.

The cow switched her tail from side to side, to drive off the flies; so presently Caro wrote:

"Cows are big animals, with long tails that go wiggletywiggle."

Then she watched to see the cow do something funny; but all she did was to nibble at the grass.

"Cows eat all the time, and never stop. They have big eyes that stare at you, and they have horns to let down the bars with, when they go home at night. Our cow is reddish, and isn't funny at all."

Just then the cow walked under a tree and lay down, chewing her cud.

"Oh," thought Caro, "that is funny! They do their eating first, and then they go and chew and chew!" So she wrote down her discovery, adding: "I wish I could do that way; but mamma makes me chew as I go along."

A railway passed near the farm, and just then a whistle sounded shrilly not far away. It frightened the cow, and, getting on her feet in a hurry, she came bounding in Caro's direction at a lively pace.

"Oh!" screamed Caro, and dropping paper and pencil, she scampered away toward the fence. Safely on the other side, she ventured to look back.

The cow was inspecting the composition.

"Oh!" cried Caro again, and then louder, "Oh, my!" for the paper had vanished in the cow's mouth.

Caro went sadly home, to rewrite her composition in a safe place, and she added this to the first part:

"Cows like compositions, for ours ate mine up."

The next Friday afternoon, when all the twenty compositions were read, the scholars voted Caro Clyde's the very funniest one there.—Emma C. Dowd, in the Sunday-school Times.

BOBBIE'S FISHING SHANTY.

By Rose Rambler.

It was during a summer sojourn in Prince Edward's Island that I came to know Bobbie well.

One morning, having finished some small duties in the front of the house, I came to the kitchen to know if I might be of service there.

My hostess looked up as I entered and smiled approvingly. Then the foolish idea of entertaining me crossed her mind and she called to her son:

"Bobbie, I want you to hitch up the horse and take Bessie for a drive. She has had hardly any (a pardonable exaggeration) since she has been here."

"Ah, mamma, won't it do to-morrow? I'm busy to-day," Bobbie objected, dropping the fishing tackle he was putting into shape and looking up with anxious eyes.

"Yes, of course I will," I interrupted, hastily. "Any day will do."

But mamma was ironing and hot, and the idea worried her like a persistent mosquito, so she insisted, and Bobbie, because he was foud of me, and fonder still of his mother, and, moreover, because he was naturally a little gentleman, consented.

However, I did not intend to permit the sacrifice, and I followed Bobbie out through the laundry into the garden.

"Look here, Bob," said I, "I'm not going to let you take me for a drive. If you'll hitch the horse for us after dinner, your mother and I will go by ourselves."

Such a look of gratitude as I received! I was his friend for life.

"But what are you so busy at?" I inquired, scarcely able to keep back a smile.

"I'm building my fishing shanty, and I want to get it done before school starts. I'll show it to you if you like." And he led the way to the other side of the driving shed.

I was quite amazed at the undertaking of the youngster. Here was a structure about five feet square, roofed and

partly floored, the sides lathed, ready for the tar paper which lay on the ground beside it.

"What is it for? Where do you take it?" I asked.

"It's for catching smelts," he explained. "I take it away down the river on sleds when it gets cold, and cut a hole in the ice and put a fire in the little stove and sit there and fish, nice and warm, when it's storming outside."

Bobbie's eyes glowed in anticipation. Though only twelve years old, he was reputed to be the best fisherman in the village—a high standard where there were many experts. I enjoyed his enthusiasm rarely, as I had often before enjoyed the fruits of it—luscious speckled trout. In our drives along the country roads he used to point out to me where he had shot his first duck, the little streams—almost empty from the tide—where in the autumn the smelts came up, and he had gathered them in his net by the score, and the place up near the mill, where he kept his boat, and the exact spots where he was sure of finding the best trout. I confess to the reader that I do not fish myself, both because it seems to me too idle a sport, and because I could not bring myself to put a poor struggling worm on the hook; so when Bobbie used too many technical terms and got into too many details about pickled minnows and the several varieties of flies, I felt rather lost. But when he described to me how he and two other boys rose one day at 4 o'clock in the morning, and, unwilling to return without a certain number of fish, waited till nearly noon, then, half-starved, had to stop on the way home, build a fire and cook and eat them—then, I was in my element, for that seemed to me real Bohemianism. I remember vividly yet, the house where they borrowed the kettle and got the water, and the grassy spot where they built their fire It was high above the river, the beautiful view of which was partly hidden by sweet-smelling spruce. The road sloped up, winding from an old wooden bridge, and the sun shone sparkling on the dewy grass and trees. I remember, too, thinking with possibly a tinge of envy, of how much romance and nature boyhood was possessed.

But here was Bobbie explaining about the fishing shanty, and I must pay attention.

"The river all freezes over," he was saying, "and people drive on it. Then we take the shanty up near the mill, where it's shallow, just a little below the dam, cut a big hole in the ice and put one corner of the shanty over it. Then we get the stove in the other part and a good fire going, and sit near the hole, with the bait and a lantern to see the fish, and then we spear them. They just come round by dozens.

"Isn't is cruel?" I suggested. "Doesn't it hurt them dreadfully?"

"No," he answered, not scornfully, as I expected, but thoughtfully. "The spear goes through the backbone and they die instantly."

"What do you do with them all?"

"We eat them at home and give them away. Some of the men up at the mill, though, make lots of money. When they have a holiday they make more fishing smelts than when they are working. They always fish Christmas and New Years. You can get from ten to fifteen cents a dozen for them. I'm going to make some money on them this winter."

However, I knew the lad was a regular little spendthrift, and what with his generosity to other boys and his expenditures on sporting equipment, home-made steam engines, books, and his special make of maple cream, not much money would go into the slot of his savings bank.

The next morning a surprise awaited me. The rest of the family had sea trout for breakfast, but on my plate lay a slender, silvery smelt. This was my reward for refusing the drive. Bobbie had been up since daylight, had walked up the river path through the fragrant woods to his boat, had launched it on the quiet, misty water, and, having captured his prey, was now at home enjoying it.

"There aren't any smelts, hardly, up the river yet, but I caught one," he said triumphantly. "I wanted you to taste a fresh one before you went home."

And now, back in Ontario, as I sit here writing, this blustry, wintry day, I am thinking of Bobbie, probably working away in his little fish house, "nice and warm," while the wind blows up the river and the snow whirls above it.——Christian Guardian.

PHUSSANPHRET.

Have you heard of the land called Phussandphret,
Where the people live upon woes and regret?
Its climate is bad; I have heard folks say
There is seldom if ever a pleasant day;
'Tis either too gloomy from cloudy skies,
Or so bright, the sunshine dazzles one's eyes;
'Tis either so cold one is all of a chill,
Ore else 'tis so warm it makes one ill;
The season is either too damp or too dry,
And mildew or drought is always nigh;
For nothing that ever happened yet
Was just as it should be in Phussanphret.

And the children—it really makes me sad
To think they never look happy and glad.
It is "O, dear me!" until school is done,
And 'tis then, "There never is time for fun!"
Their teachers are cross, they all declare,
Each little duty they are apt to shirk,
Every one is a grave as an they yohther rtfer...JOz e
Because they're tired, or 'tis too hard to work.
Every one is as grave as an owl,
And has pouting lips or a gloomy scowl;
The voices whine and the eyes are wet,
In this doleful country of Phussandphret.

Now if ever you find your feet are set
On the down-hill road toward Phussandphret,
Turn and travel the other way,
Or you will never know a happy day.
Follow some cheerful face—'twill guide
To the land of Look-at-the-pleasant-side;
There something bright you will always see;
No matter how dark the way may be.
You'll smile at your tasks and laugh in your dreams,
And learn that no ill is as bad as it seems.
So lose no time, but haste to get
Was just as it should be in Phussandphret

—Our Youth.

The labor troubles of France have reached enormous dimensions and many view the situation as a veritable revolution. The difficulty arose in the Postal Service and has spread to many organizations, even threatening the Government. Though we cannot understand the situation fully at this distance we can clearly see that it behooves a country to be careful of its laborers.

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